

The Union and Eastern Journal.

"ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO EVERY FORM OF OPPRESSION OVER THE MIND OR BODY OF MAN."—JEFFERSON.

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LOUIS O. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

UNION AND EASTERN JOURNAL.

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Agricultural.

Yellow Carrots as Food for Cattle.

There are many farmers who have become acquainted with the value of carrots as food for cattle, and consequently use them; while there are many more who, either through ignorance in planting, cultivating or feeding, or both, never use them except accidentally, when in their way, and then they only feed to get them out of the way. It is to this last class of farmers that I wish to direct this article, and urge them to study the value of carrots, and try the experiment of root feeding for themselves, and it proves profitable, continue it, if not, then drop it, after a fair trial.

Yellow carrots possess a great deal of nourishment, are hearty, strong, and healthy food. They can be raised at a much less expense than an equal value of corn or grain crop, are just as easy fed, and supply the cattle with that vegetable food which they would not otherwise get during the winter months. I have known persons to commence spring work with poor cattle, and by feeding carrots twice a day, (at noon,) with hay or corn stalks, to work their cattle every working day, and have them gain flesh and get fat by the time the work was done, at a much less cost than to have fed grain alone. Three years ago, about the first of March, I purchased a yoke of steers which were in low condition. I fed them on carrots twice a day, until the middle of the month, also plenty of corn stalks. At this time I commenced working them; I fed them with corn in addition to the carrots once a day, with plenty of well. I worked them hard and fed them well; they gained in flesh rapidly, and the 10th of May they were fit to butcher. I had done a great deal of hauling and work upon the farm, besides over thirty acres of plowing, and I now sold them for more than I paid for them, and they commanded a ready sale and ready pay. These were cattle that worked along side, that did no more work, and had the best of corn and hay, which lost flesh equally as fast as the first yoke gained; besides, in hot days they would hang their tongues out of their mouths, as if asking for carrots; and as I said, I can say that I never saw an ox "roll" that was fed upon yellow carrots. I consider them equally as good for cows, and if you wish good, sweet, and solid butter, or rich milk, feed them with a liberal hand, and with salt occasionally.

Cattle may not like them very well at first; if so, sprinkle some salt over them, and they will soon begin to like them. It is very little trouble to raise root crops of any kind, and particularly so with carrots. All the attention necessary upon a quarter of an acre, can be given for "noon feeds," or in rainy half days, and between times of work, and thus cost the farmer comparatively nothing, until they are ready to pull, and fit for winter use. This should be done before the frost disturbs them much.

Now your seed in drills about fifteen inches apart, and then thin to four or six inches, as you choose. The seed should be placed in the ground about the first of June, or earlier. The ground should be made as mellow as time and convenience will allow. The more attention you pay to having your soil in order to receive the seed, the surer you are of a good crop. Cover your seed with the earth very lightly. A brush dragged across the drills will cover them sufficiently. Make your rows straight, to admit of easy culture.

Now, brother farmers, if you have a spare piece of ground, (and if not, make some vacant,) plant enough carrots to feed your stock, and if you have not cattle to feed, give them to your horses or sheep; they will answer them equally as well, and if you are not satisfied with the benefit arising therefrom, then it will be time for you to object.—E. Woolston, in Wool Grower.

Fish Guano.

Now is the time for some of our shore farmers to be looking around to see what can be done in the way of manufacturing fertilizers from the fish and crabs, and other productions of the sea. Every fish, whether eaten or not, crabs and worms, and living animals that the sea sends forth, can be converted into a very powerful manure. We have also, in former numbers, given an account of the establishment of a similar factory in Rhode Island.

Now, there certainly are many stations on the very extensive sea coast of Maine, where similar manufactories could be established, it would seem, to the advantage of the proprietors and to purchasers.

We see by the reports of the doings of the American Farmers' Club, which held a session on the 29th of April last, the subject of home made guano was taken up and discussed. We copy some of the report, as follows:

"Mr. Bruce, of Canada, exhibited specimens of guano made from fish, also from slaughter house offal. It is evidently highly charged with ammonia, concentrated from bulky materials, and Mr. Bruce thinks it can be done at a cost of \$10 per ton. He did not state the process, but said it was simple; that any farmer could carry it on so as to have all the waste matter of the farm.

Solan Robinson spoke of the value of fish, and the necessity of bringing back fertility, from the sea, that we are daily washing down from the hills. He said efforts have been made to convert the vast quantities of

king crabs that come on the coast of New Jersey, into manure. (These are sometimes called "horse foot crabs.") The experiment has been successful, and farmers are very anxious to obtain this new fish guano, considering it cheaper than that from Peru. Something has been done by a gentleman of Providence, R. I., in concentrating the fertilizing material of fish into a dry powder, that can be kept or transported as easily as guano.

Prof. Hare, of Philadelphia, gave his opinion some years ago in favor of fish guano. His plan was simply to evaporate the water, and grind the fish into powder. The plan of Mr. Bruce is first to reduce the fish to a fluid state, and then add other substances and reduce it to dryness.

It is a fact that cannot be controverted that farmers generally haul more water than manure to their fields. Look at the loads of manure going out of the city.—What is it?

Straw one part, horse droppings one part, Croton water three parts. Three fifths of the weight nothing but water, not one whit better than the water of the farmer's well or brook running through his farm. It is beyond dispute that we are washing the fertility of the earth into the sea. It is an attendant upon the march of civilization.

First we denude the land of trees, then leaves and leaf mould, and then soil: all that is productive is washed away.

We are filling the sea and flattening fish while the earth grows barren. To the sea we must look for a restorer of the earth's fertility. We must bring back what we are sending away. Fish is the most feasible source to which we can look, and we cannot carry them inland unless the water is evaporated and the remainder deodorized, and this must be by some easy, cheap process. We hope this has been discovered as also the mode of reducing the offal of cities into some transportable form. To the sea we have sent the fertility of the earth to the sea we must look for its restoration.

We think that there must be an immensity of the elements of fertility, extending as it does for more than 2000 miles. All that is needed is to bring these elements into a marketable form and enable them to add to the fertility of our farms. To accomplish this we must have some man or men to take hold of the business in earnest, and who have: First, faith, second, a little knowledge; and third, a little capital. There are thousands on the shore region who have the last two, we hope some of them will acquire the first, and commence the business, and prosecute it to ultimate success.

Hints in Feeding Milch Cows.

Thompson, in his work entitled, experimental researches on the food of animals, says, that a cow, if fed for two days on an insufficient quantity of food, as indicated by loss of weight, and diminution of milk, will require, at least, double that time to reach the condition from which it deteriorated, and the reason of this is obvious, because the partial starvation has caused it to lose a portion of the substance of its body, which requires a longer time to re-establish than to pull down.

This rule, he says, is applicable to the diet of man, as well as to inferior animals. An increase of labor should always be accompanied with an increase of food, both sea and prison. A short walk, or one confined in a solitary cell, calls for some augmentation of food. A slight increase of temperature, or the irritating influence of insects, will effectually diminish the milk of a cow, and indicates the propriety of increasing the amount of fodder.

We have some doubts about a slight increase of temperature diminishing the milk of a cow. In our winters, we believe the increase of heat will diminish, and the increase of cold increase the milk, all other things being equal.

Dr. Thompson, during his experiments on feeding milch cows, found that the milk of one day was derived from the food eaten the day previous, and that it takes at least sixteen hours for the digestive organs of the cow to fully take up all the nutritive matter which she feeds upon.

How to Murder Cows.

Some people think that it is not only right but an imperative duty to murder all the cows they can, no matter how. We acknowledge that it is provoking to have them pull up your corn and thus destroy your labor and the hope of a crop. It is for this kind of depredation that Mr. Crow has obtained a bad reputation, and when those very demure gentle men which we so often see standing about corn fields dressing stuffed coats and shocking had hairs fall by their "masterly inactivity" to keep him away, and he seems determined to pull your whole crop up by the roots,—it is best to give him a quietus in some easy way, for if you are not easy you cannot do it at all.

One of our exchanges (we have forgotten which of them, or we should give them due credit) recommended the following method of poisoning cows to death:—

Take some pot, if it is a little tainted the better, and put into its small quantity of strychnine. Mr. Crow is very fond of tainted meat, so you can put this in a tree near your field. He will smell it and call to see and partake of it, and as sure as he does he is a dead cow. By keeping a full supply to treat all the cows that call to partake of the feast, you will soon destroy the whole of them.

CABBAGES WITH POTATOES.—It may be interesting to those whose area of ground is limited, to know that good cabbages may be obtained from land planted with potatoes. We remember last year seeing a very good crop this way. The potatoes planted should be early kinds, and if dug for first use, so much the better.

When the cabbages are large enough to

plant, go along with a stick and turn over the haulm if it is in the way, and plant between each other row of potatoes. As the potatoes are dug, level in the soil about the cabbages, and if any concentrated manure is at hand, put a handful around each plant previously. This stirring the soil has a very beneficial effect on the cabbages, and the dissimilar nature of the previous crop does not materially rob the soil. Of course any of the cabbage family will do equally well.—Country Gentleman.

Miscellaneous.

OUR MINISTER'S PURCHASE.

"Are those all you have for sale?" said Mr. Hale, as he stood in the yard before Deacon's stable, while the salesman walked about a low, heavy built grey horse, and a ravenly large-boned racker.

"Yes sir, these are all we have to-day, except a young mare, that I don't believe you'd like. Jim lead out the black filly," and the clumsy Irish ostler proceeded to pull out with jerks and twitches, a small, rough-coated animal, whose bleeding mouth and scarred flanks showed that she had been unmercifully treated.

She recoiled the ostler's rough handling with spirit, still she did not look vicious.—There was no fiery, ugly gleam of the eye, but on the contrary, a pleading, expostulating with the coarse creature, who giving her a blow and a kick, to make her show off, brought her up with a jerk of the halter, that almost broke her slender neck.

"We've sold her twice, but had her returned," said the salesman. "She's gentle as a lamb unless she gets her temper up, then she's a regular devil, and for all she's so small, she's strong and fierce as a lion when she's roused."

"I guess, Bill Smith'll have her, and he'll break her temper or her neck."

Going up to her Mr. Hale spoke kindly, patted her neck which was still quivering with pain from the pressure of the halter, passed his hand caressingly over her nose, and flung back the heavy mane that was tangled and knotted about her eyes.

The poor creature seemed to know at once that he was of a different nature from her old tormentors, and with a gentle whinny, laid her head fondly on his shoulder, while her large hazel eyes filled with something very much like tears.

She was not such a horse as he wanted—her spirit seemed broken, except when engaged, and she had been abused and neglected till she was anything but a beauty, still her head was well formed, and her eyes almost human in their expression. If her coat could be made smooth she might possibly pass without exciting remark.

Mr. Hale liked to drive a good looking animal as well as any one, and he hesitated for some time, but he could not resist her pleading look, to be taken from her hated owners.

This decided the fate of the filly, and as she was led back to the stable, to remain until Mr. Hale should send for her, she gave a look and whinny, as though she understood that she was to be her future master.

It was not until quite dark that Mr. Hale dispatched his Irish boy for his new purchase, and for several weeks she was allowed to remain quietly in the stable.

During this time Dennis worked assiduously under Mr. Hale's direction, in clearing the knots from her luxuriant mane, and brushing its full waves to a shining gloss. Her rough coat yielded readily to high keeping and care, giving in its jetty blackness and silky softness, sure proof of good blood.

It was evident that she had always been ruled through fear, but she was peculiarly susceptible to his kindness, and Mr. Hale thought what time he could spare from duty and study well spent in teaching her to love and obey him. He called her Psyche and the name seemed very appropriate, for her slender form, and jetty blackness, united with a capricious gracefulness, made her much more beautiful than her master had anticipated.

Dennis had been very indignant when she first came home. He had boasted to the neighboring boys of the "splendid creature" his master was about to purchase, and as he called her under his breath, had sorely vexed him. But he soon became interested in her, and as she grew in beauty under his hands, his pleasure and his pride knew no bounds.

He would follow her with his eyes, as Mr. Hale drove away, and fairly caper with delight at a little playful carolling with many a toss of her beautiful head, she would spring off throwing the milks behind her in fine style.

He learned her many tricks. She would carry and fetch his coat when ordered.

One day when her provender had not been given her as usual, to his great delight he found her patiently tugging at the strings of the oat bag. He was never weary of recounting her exploits to his master, who for his part, found the exercise and excitement of driving her ladyship very agreeable and beneficial, after the confinement of the study, and for some time, the pleasure both experienced was unalloyed.

But trouble was brewing for Psyche, but to repay the kindness of her master, put on a thousand graceful airs, and assumed a dainty tread, not at all ministerial.

Martingale and check availed not: the perfectly kind, she persisted in arching her neck, tossing her mane, and prancing in a very undignified manner. She seemed to take especial delight when passing Deacon Saunders' house, in pretending to see all sorts of buggers about the yard, dilating nostril, flashing eye, and timid bound, in any prettiness, or, would have been, in any but a minister's horse. The poor deacon was really tried about it. He had been one of Mr. Hale's warmest friends, but how could he countenance such doings as these.

It was a new phase in his ministerial experience. Old Dr. Dow, under whose preaching he was converted, drove a horse who never forgot the dignity of his station, so far as to exceed a fast walk, on any occasion, and he could not help feeling scandalized at such an innovation on the old customs.

So much was his mind exercised on the subject, he felt it to be his duty to expostulate with his pastor. Mr. Hale heard him with a quiet smile and endeavored to soften his animosity to poor Psyche, by telling him of her docility and gentleness, but to no purpose. He left him not in anger but with a lengthened viage and as sorrowful shake of the head.

The good deacon lived just below the parsonage in an old farm house, whose projecting roof, where the swallows colonized, wide stone-doored porch, and a large yard shaded by Lombardy poplars, gave it a venerable, patriarchal aspect.

The yard, with its carpet of emerald turf, was the play ground of the deacon's grandson, a little black-eyed fellow, whose father having gone to the land of gold, had placed his wife and year old boy in his father's house for safety and protection. The child was the idol of his grandparents and the pet of the whole village. Mr. Hale often walked down to the gate to care him, and sometimes lifted him over, and sat him upon Psyche's back, who seemed to know that she must very delicate, precious burden, she must be very gentle, and pace slowly at her now and looking back, as if to see that he was securely seated.

A few rods above the parsonage a noisy, brawling brook made its way over a huge base that covers nearly an acre of ground. In the summer it dwindles to an insignificant stream and a small pool of muddy water; but in the spring when swollen by the melting snow, it runs with a swift current, and in some places the lake is quite deep.

A patch is laid out around it, and a flight of rude steps, up to the side of the rock, leads to a shady walk above, much frequented by the villagers on summer evenings.

One bright May morning, not long after the deacon had urged Mr. Hale to sell Psyche, Mary Saunders sent an inditing letter to her absent husband, and she told him of the nice home he had provided for her in his absence and dejected upon Willy's goodness and beauty: she forebore to tell him the rogue had already upset an inkstand upon her snowy wrapper, and now hung about distracting her mind by his childish questions.

Unable to proceed while thus annoyed, she sent him out into the yard, where the grass was just springing, and the lilac trees bursting into bloom.

Congratulating herself that he would be safely amused for an hour she returned to her letter, and soon forgot all things else.

Willy was very happy for a while in watching the robins who flew from limb to limb of the old poplars, and the swallows, who were bringing mud for their nest, beneath the eaves; but he soon got tired of this, and leaning against the gate, looked wishfully out into the street.

Soon he espied the latch. It was a perfect mystery to him, how it was to be unfettered; but standing on tip-toe, his little fingers soon pressed with sufficient force upon the thumb piece to lift it, and the gate swung gently open. Peeping out, first on one side, then on the other, to be sure no cows were near, and casting a furtive glance towards the house, as if he expected he was not doing quite right, he ventured out upon the grassy sidewalk. The yellow dandelion and the bright king oaks beckoned him on as he peeped out from under the fence and soon filled his hat with their gay blossoms, as he wandered on towards the pond, and brook, which still swollen by the spring rains, attracted him by its noise as it fell over the rocks.

At the end of an hour Mary Saunders had finished her letter, and placing her writing materials in a rosewood desk, her husband's last gift, she turned with a bright smile to the window, to see what pretty mischief or cunning roguery Willy might be doing.—But no Willy was in sight. The gate stood ominously open, and catching her sun bonnet she darted into the street. "Willy, Willy!" she called, but no answer.

Looking down she espied his tiny tracks in the soft earth, outside the grass, and with a beating heart she saw they led towards the pond.

With new fears she almost flew on, his little foot prints still trending towards the water. The flowers he had picked she found scattered by the margin of the pond, and on the steps his hat, still holding a few of its gaudy treasures. Mary's strength was scarce sufficient to make the ascent, and on reaching the top, what was her horror to see Willy standing in the middle of the stream, on a large flat rock, that just showed itself above the stream for more than half its width. The water beneath it was deep, and run with a swift current, into which he was throwing the last of his flowers, and watching with glee their rapid progress towards the fall. Poor Mary was no heroine. With one piercing shriek she fell senseless to the earth.

Willy, hearing the cry and seeing his mother, instead of going back to the bank, took one step towards her, plunged beneath the swift running stream. Mary's cry had reached the ears of Dennis, who was at work in a field near by, and Willy's screams as the water closed over him, convinced him from which direction it came. With all possible speed he was at the water's side, where he found Mary lying as one dead, and caught sight of Willy as the rushing waters bore him over the surface of the rock into the lake beneath. It is impossible to give any idea of the terrible crisis which Dennis filled the air as he ran like one frantic along the shore.

Men at work in their fields listened a moment, and feeling that something unusual must be the cause, dropped hoe and spade, and hastened in the direction from whence they came.

Housewives with uncovered heads and bare arms darted from every house, and children of all ages swelled the flying crowd. Deacon Saunders, who was storing wheat in his granary, recognized Dennis's voice, and with an undefined presentiment that it was something in which he had a deep interest, ran as fast as his old limbs would allow, in the direction all were taking.

But had Willy's safety depended upon human aid, he would never have smiled upon his grandfather again.

Psyche, who had been turned out to roll in the sand and refresh herself by a nibble from the roadside, was among the "first to hear Dennis's" cry. She was accustomed to all kinds of noises from the boy, and usually expected that he was calling her to partake of some dainty when she heard his voice, so pricking up her ears she cantered towards the lake, which she reached just as Willy rose for the first time.

With a low whinny of recognition, not unmixed with fear, the beautiful creature lowered her head, and as he came to the surface again, plunged in and swam with vigorous strokes towards him.

It was something more than instinct—it was an almighty hand that directed the noble beast and taught her care, in striking out with her iron bound hoofs, as she neared Willy, and the same hand guided her, as plunging her slender head beneath the waves she caught the scarf that was about his neck, in her teeth, and drew her head ashore, the water. The scarf was a thick cashmere, and held him securely; so Psyche turned with her precious burden fast in her mouth, swam speedily towards the shore. Willy's golden hair and pale face gave striking contrast between her jet black coat, glistening with water, which ran in streams from both.

A crowd had collected upon the bank, foremost of them all stood the deacon with clasped hands, his white hair streaming in the wind, and nerves stretched to the utmost tension, he watched the gallant animal.

It was he who received from her mouth his darling pet, but held him only to assure himself that his life was not extinct, and then conveyed him to his mother, who had recovered from her swoon, and a hundred helping hands, that were readily extended to the relief of the little sufferer.

With streaming eyes the good deacon turned to Psyche, who stood with drooping head and panting sides, looking very tired, but still very much interested in the restoration of her little friend, whom she followed with her eyes till he was borne out of sight. Tenderly and carefully the deacon wiped the water from her shining coat, and then without speaking, which he had not done since first startled from labor by Dennis's cry, he led her to his own stable.

Mr. Hale had been absent all this time, and knew nothing of the accident, until on coming in sight of the old farm house, what was his surprise to see Psyche standing in the yard, covered with mud, and a very ludicrous figure, with her black head and flowing tail in bold relief at either end.

"God bless you, Mr. Hale," said the deacon, as he wrung his pastor's hand, "for not minding the words of a foolish man. Had you sold Psyche, my boy would have now been a corpse."

Joshua Quincy on the Present Crisis.

The following letter, says the Boston Transcript, sent to the presiding officer of the Unitarian Festival, by the venerable Josiah Quincy, sen., now in the eighty-fifth year of his age, will be read with deep interest:—

LETTER OF THE HON. JOSIAH QUINCY.

E. H. Hoar, Esq.—Sir: I have received your letter, inviting me to attend the Unitarian Festival and expressing the gratification it would give you "to see and hear me on that occasion." It would give me great pleasure to comply with your request, did not the very tenor of your letter preclude me from it. I perceive that should I attend a speech will be expected from me. But, Sir, it would be impossible for me to utter my opinion on the subject with which my heart is full, without crossing the policy of some, offending the prejudices of others, and making, perhaps, the whole company apprehend that I had arrived at that period of second childhood, which is sometimes incident to old age.

My mind is in no state to receive pleasure from social scenes and friendly intercourse. I can think or speak of nothing but the outrages of slaveholders at Kansas, and the outrages of slaveholders at Washington—outrages, which, if not met in the spirit of our fathers of the Revolution (and I see no sign that they will be), our liberties are but a name, and our Union proves a curse.—These outrages constitute a series of iniquitous contrived, well connected, compact tissues, of which

The Fugitive Slave law was the first; The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the second; The invasion of Kansas, and the taking the ballot boxes by storm, by a mob of slaveholders, the third; The encouragement of this sacrilegious foray against the right of free suffrage, and the ultimate support of it by the National Executive and military arm, the fourth; The hostile intrusion of two Members of Congress into the Senate Chamber of the United States, openly armed with deadly weapons, and probably secretly, according to the habits of their breed, with bowie knives and revolvers, and there prostrating on the floor with their bludgeons, a Senator of the United States, sitting peacefully in his seat, unconscious of danger, and from his position incapable of defense, unless under him blows until he sank, senseless, under them, and which, if they do not prove mortal, it was not for want of malignant intent in the cowardly assassins—and all this for words publicly spoken in the Senate, in

the course of debate, allowed by its presiding officer to be spoken, and exceeding not one hair's breadth any line of truth or duty. This is the fifth and the climax of this series of outrages, unparalleled, nefarious and brutal.

Such are the facts—such are the outrages—a series of them, which ought to ring through every city and field, through every palace and cottage of the Free States—which ought to fly, like the fiery cross on the highlands of Scotland, over the mountains and through the valleys of the Free States, startling the sleeping, rousing the thoughtful, uniting the Free clans, and ending whatever glimmering spark yet remains of the feeling and spirit which in former times entitled the inhabitants of the Free States to the character of patriots and fearless, far seeing statesmen. But alas!—Sir, I see no principle of vitality in what is called Freedom in these times. I see divisions enough, and parties enough; I see every whim setting up for itself and calling and expecting all the rest of the world to follow in its train. But of a thoughtful, concentrated, determined principle of united action, suited to the occasion, which, sparing the desire of place and the hope of emolument and the hankering for office, and actuated solely for the advance of public good and general welfare, I see nothing.

The palmy days, rests on the spirit of Freedom in the so-called "Free States."

In my opinion it is time to speak on the household of every man who is worthy of the name of free man who in his chamber and feels in his heart. By a series of corruption, intrigue and cunning, bribing the high by appointments of State, the low by the hope of emoluments; playing between the parties of the Free States, and counteracting one by the other; by flattering the vain, paying the mean, and rewarding the subservient, the slaveholders have, in the course of 50 years, usurped the whole constitutional powers of the Union, have possessed themselves of the Executive chair, of the halls of Congress, of the national courts of justice of the military arm, and have nothing of hope to the spirit of Freedom in the Free States, but public speech in the Legislature and the ballot-box. The one slaveholders' mob is crushing in Kansas, the other a deputation from the Slaveholders of the House of Representatives have attempted to crush by a slaveholder's bludgeon.

My heart is too full. If I should pour forth all that is in it, both paper and time would fail me.

Truly, I am yours,

JOSIAH QUINCY.

Quincy, May 27, 1856.

The Murder case in Waldo—Sentence pronounced by Judge May.

After the conviction of Joseph J. Brown, of Ishboro', for the murder of his wife, at the recent term of the Supreme Judicial Court, in Waldo County, Judge May, in an affecting and deeply impressive manner, pronounced the following sentence:—

Joseph J. Brown: You stand before the court, convicted by a jury of your country (who were unbiased, and unchallenged by you) of the crime of murder, with malice aforethought; the murder of your own wife, the mother of your children, one of whom has been a witness against you. She whom a few years ago, you took by the hand and solemnly promised before God and other witnesses, to love and cherish, and who, relying upon your promise, cast herself for life upon your care and protection, has been brutally murdered by you, and so far as the testimony in the case discloses, without any provocation. She was inoffensive and confiding, still clinging to you and your children for several long years after you had manifested towards her, treatment most savage and cruel. She did so until with the fatal knife you sent her to a bloody grave.

How could you do this wicked deed?—Undoubtedly much of the cause which led to it, is to be found in your habits of intemperance. Intoxicating drinks have maddened and hardened your heart and destroyed your moral sense, until at last you have come to this fearful end. Your sad history should be a warning to all to shun the intoxicating cup, and should impress upon the minds of such as furnish it the force of that scripture, that "Cursed is every man that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips."

But whatever may be the influence of your example upon others, I entreat you to spend the remnant of your days in hearty repentance for the past. You sought to hide yourself from the lashings of your own conscience and the gaze of men, by plunging, with a stone about your neck, into the sea. That effort was in vain; but remember that there is a fountain, an ocean of love, in the bosom of that Saviour who has been provided for sinners, in which alone you can wash and be cleansed from your guilt. Cast your burdens upon him, and you will find relief to your soul.

Nothing further remains for me but to give utterance as the mouth of the law to its terrible sentence, which is, that you be hanged by the neck until you be dead—and for this purpose that you be conveyed to the State Prison, situated in Thomaston, in the County of Lincoln, and until that sentence be indicated upon you, that you there be put to hard labor in solitary confinement.

And may God have mercy on you.

Astonishingly Civil and Sensible.

The following from the Richmond Whig needs no comment:—

"The daily and hourly reports from Washington concerning the condition of Sumner are all very strange and funny, and lead us to believe that the Abolition wretch, with his Abolition physicians as accomplices is playing possum. We hear one moment that he is 'comfortable and doing well'—we hear the next, that his condition is 'extremely critical,' and that no one is allowed to see him; and then a few hours afterwards we are favored with a different story.

Now, for our part, we never believed that Sumner was sufficiently hurt to make it necessary for him to take to his bed at all.—Least of all do we believe that the well-deserving gutta serena he received was of so severe a character as to detain him in confinement for more than a week. But we believe it is a miserable Abolition trick, from beginning to end; resorted to to keep alive and diffuse and strengthen the sympathy awakened for him among his confederates at the North. Nigger-worshipping fanatics of the male gender, and weak minded women and silly children, are horribly affected at the thought of blood oozing out from a pin scratch. And Sumner is wily politician enough to take advantage of this little fact.

We suggest that the Senate appoint a Committee, consisting of one Southern man, to ascertain Sumner's actual condition. We think the bare sight of a hundredth part of a Southern man would impart to the possuming wretch strength enough to enable him to take up his bed and walk—yes, walk even to Boston.

GOSWORTHY.—A writer in the Burlington Sentinel says, that in one of the back towns of a neighboring State, where it is the custom for the district school teacher to "board round," the following incident occurred, and is vouched for by high authority:—

A year or two ago, an allotment being made in the usual manner for the benefit of the school mistress, it happened that the proportion of one man was just two days and a half.

The teacher sat down to dinner on the third day, and was beginning to eat, when the man of the house addressed her as follows:—

"Madam, I suppose your boarding time is out when you have eaten half a dinner, but as I don't want to be mean, you may eat, if you choose, about as much as usual."

No JOKE.—The Montpelier (Vt.) Freeman says that at social gatherings that in vicinity, recently, a young man had the task of "getting a wife" imposed upon him during the evening's amusement, and with a young lady went through a mock ceremony, as they both supposed, of being married; but after the motions had been gone through with, it was discovered that the person who married them was a real justice, and the matrimonial knot could not be untied! The parties are satisfied with their bargain, but are considerably nettled at the manner in which they were launched upon the sea of matrimony.

ON WHITENESS.—The Providence Journal that able, consistent and reliable whig organ, thus concludes a long leader on the subject of the recent outrage at Washington:—

"There is no longer any doubt that the assault on Sumner was not the act of an individual, but the result of a deliberate, well considered resolution on the part of the South to silence the arguments that they could not answer, and to suppress the liberty of speech by such an example as would create a general terror. 'The time and the place' were left to the man appointed to the work; the act itself rests upon the responsibility of the South which planned it, and of the Democracy which sustains it. It was South Carolina striking Massachusetts; it was the South striking the North. The declaration of Brooks and Keitt in the House show this; the votes of all the Southern members in the House but two, of all the administration members but five, show this; the bullying tone of the Southern press, and the smothering apologetic tone of the Northern Democratic press show this.

It is no longer a question of a sectional party. The South has forced a sectional issue upon us; the question is, on which side of the sectional party will you stand; on the side of freedom, the law and the constitution, or on the side of slavery, the pistol and the bludgeon."

